Do you know a woman called Phyllis Bottome?

52 T. S. Another called Jean Cadell?

22nd Nov. 1933

Oh faithless — why has everybody got a book — not I? Didn't I give you Flush & Orlando? Aren't I a critic too — aren't I a woman? I say! Am I nothing to you. physically morally or intellectually? Ethel's got one. — so has, I daresay, Lytt, Ottoline, Dolly. Lord Berners & Logan Pearsall Smith. Look here, Vita, you may be putting off humanity — & living, like the day star, a dog — but do let your Last act, in the juice of humanity, be to pack a book. I called V. Sackville West Collected Poems & sign it — for me. Then let the hair grow between your toes & catch the running hare & the sleeping partridge as much as ever you like — Anyhow, I want

read a single thing you write, or think of Jim, except as a mangy ill bred cur, with [redacted] no tail — a dog of all dogs the most worthless, one that bites a widow in a lane. So there.

Libyl came yesterday, said Lord B. is marrying V. Sefton, whom you ona knew, because they both like poached Eggs. I feel inclined that way myself, in revenge on you. No, I couldn't marry one of them though. It is like a signboard that has hung in the rain & sun since the King (George 3rd) was on the throne; & can't even cover your woman. Her mind flickers like an arc lamp. Oh such a lot of odds & ends, but no odd had an end or end an odd — when shall I see you? Oh but that is at — what was once a grove of flowering trees, & nymphs walking among them through the Daffodils. And I'm dining with Mary, ostensibly to meet Michael Arlen, but who knows what goes on behind the Campan? Eh? W.

HAMILL & BARKER 2/5/62

read a single thing you write, or think of Jn, except as
a mangy ill bred cur, with [redacted] no tail — a dog of all
dogs the most worthless, one that bites a
widow in a lane. So there.

Sibyl came yesterday, said Lord B. is
marrying V. Tennyson, whom you ona know,
because they both like poached eggs.
I feel inclined that way myself, in revenge on Jn.
No, I couldn't marry one of [redacted]
is like a signboard that has hung in the
rain & Jn loved the King (George 3rd) was on
the throne; & can't even curse poor woman.
Her mind flickers like an arc lamp. Oh
such a lot of odds. Ends she said, but no
odd had an end or end an odd — when
think I see you? Oh but that is at — an end is
it — what was one a grove of flowering trees,
& nymphs walking among them though the
Daffodils. And Jn dining with Mary,
ostensibly to meet Michael Arlen, but
who knows what goes on behind the curtain? Eh? W.

NYPL

HAMILL & BARKER 2/15/62

Nov 27. 1933 Sunday.

we will come over from Monks & print. That's a good idea.

Yr dear Creature — that will be very nice, tea on Dec 15th: but let it be tea as early as possible: it's the devil of a long way off.
And the book came. And I've read one or two of the new ones. And I liked them yes — I liked the one to Enid Bagnold; & I think I see how you may develop differently. You're an odd mixture as a poet. I like you for being 'out-moded' & not caring a damn: that's why you're free to change; free & lusty. I make up poems, something in the manner of Don Juan, that you might write. But I'm only
(yes I think I see some very interesting things in your poems)

looked between the hedges here & there. When will come
Early on the 15th I will tell you more. Did
you like Selincourt today? L. says they are
doing well — your lovers.

I liked Jean Cadell - sandy as a cat, & very nervous. She
was making a mash, I fear by her at lunch.
I gather that that's her Londesboro' joke — the engagement
is near, & rather a pill with L. who says that
Archie & Harmsworth would have better manners.
Old Ethel complains no one notices her book —
it's not for lack of trumpeting. And I'm flirting with
Ottoline — & who is taking Diol for love of you.
Oh dear me, I wish I could read behind some of the
lovers!

V.

Please sign this [illegible] -
I want to send her a
guinea -

Wednesday 14 Dec 1933

Just to say that you are coming on
Friday not later than 4-30 — aren't you?
& you do still remember me, with affection,
& in spite of never writing. But then if
your hands have turned to paws.

I've a mint of things to talk to you
about. What you to see you on the bottom of the
stairs, like a fishmongers shop again. Wasn't
it about this time of year we saw the porpoise?
You wore a pink shirt & hearts. Lord how
I remember it!

Please sign this (across -
I want to send her a
guinea.

14 Dec 1933

Wednesday

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it about this time of year we saw the porpoise?
You wore a pink shirt & pearls. Lord how
I remember it!

Monk House. 4th Jan. 1934

G. Nesbett (but not to the Person) Please
then take a ticket for me for 18th: 7/6. I'll
pay: & the Lord will be horried—Nabs, watery.
But I dont come back till the 14th
Then of course I go away. Suggest a night
for dinner all your own but. No engagements
so far. And L; Sackville, me) didn't know but
with 2 small children, is dying to [illegible] Sunday
mother in law has quarrelled with the husband: son in law.
What a life in many ways: but are you fond mine?

[illegible] d'ya think I met Salisbury on the
down in the Strand? Swear
I did. And she's coming to tea
tomorrow. Shall I fall in love
with her?

NYPL

V.

Come early & let's talk over the
Scott

52 T.S. 18th Feb. 1934

Yes it certainly sounds very nice, Your Castle. But you will have left it by now. You will be at Marrakech, with the Queen Royal & Lord Harewood — this piece of Sunday paper - Also the King of Belgium has been found killed. That's all the news in London today.

I've been laid up in the sofa in my dressing gown almost ever since you left - what a bore! I hope I didn't infect you that day in the car: the usual bilious chill: then the usual damned headache. But I think it has cleared off now, & I actually wrote a few lines this morning.

So I've seen nobody, not even Ethel, which is really rather nice – almost as good as a Zoo-ed Carbis at Portofino. And I've dipped into ten thousand books. That reminds me – I told L., who shouted for joy, to find out about the dark blond, & he says he'd write to you. We both shouted for joy. Her test was looking very lean & dry – now nature's plenty has descended on it. What a blessing! Penka is moving to the sea; there is a thick fog; I ought to be reading an unreadable clever manuscript, which one can't reject as a NYPL a Copt; & L. is with his aged mother. Tomorrow life begins again – ottolini & Ethel, & I think a beautiful lady called Sibyl Cholmondely. Shall I like her? By the way, do you remember our reckoning of last summers weeks in the car? Well there were only one month: because you went to Italy, just as we came back. This came into my head the other night. And as soon as you come back. then I shall go away. Dear me, what a dull letter! But I've got nothing to say, short of writing the history of 3 weeks in the Drawing room, – so end with Penka's best love, & Potto's too. My love to Harold: I wish I ever saw him – I saw his photograph yesterday. V

HAMILL & BARKER 2/5/62